

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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FOR THE MINISTRY

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Berkeley, California

"Boy Wanted."

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN.

"Hark! Hark! The dogs do bark,
A beggar is coming to town."

SO repeated Johnnie Stevens as he went up the main street of a town in Eastern Idaho, after he had been walking for several weeks in search of work. "Because," he continued, "if it isn't work I'll be finding, it's begging I'll be doing; that is, unless I wish to starve. This fresh air for breakfast and spring water for dinner isn't what it's cracked up to be, and if mother was to see her only son just now, he'd look so much like a shadow she couldn't guess who he was."

In spite of the fact that he had eaten nothing since the day before at noon, Johnnie tried to keep up courage and to look smiling and happy as he walked along.

Presently he came to a large hardware store. "A dandy place," he thought. He went boldly in and asked a man behind the counter, "Want to hire a smart active boy?"

The man looked at him, and slowly shook his head. "Sorry," he replied, "but business is bad, and if it does not improve some of the regular help will soon be looking for work. Try the store over the way."

The boy crossed to where he saw a sign, "Dry Goods and Notions."

A man with side whiskers, covering part of a very red face, stood just inside the doorway. Johnnie, hat in hand, inquired politely of him, "Do you need a clerk or cash boy or errand boy?"

The man looked at his sunbrowned face and well-worn clothes, scowled, and replied: "No room for tramps, big or little. Get a move on and clear out before I call a constable."

"Hum," the boy thought, "slim chance for something to eat and a place to sleep around here." He kept on slowly up the street, until he came to a bakery, and stood for several minutes looking at the display of nice things to eat and wishing he dared ask the saleslady for just one of the nice white rolls, so tempting to look at. As for the cakes and pies, well, it had been so long since he tasted any such luxuries he had almost forgotten what they were like. Suddenly he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, and, as he was pulled from the window, he turned and faced a burly, rough-visaged man who was wearing a large star marked "constable."

"Say, what are you loafing about the streets for? Where do you belong?" the officer harshly demanded.

The boy was thoroughly frightened, but managed to stammer, "I'u—I'm looking for work. My father is—is dead and my mother is poor; and, if she didn't have me to—to bother with, she could—could make her own living, and besides, if I got a job—I—could send some money home to her, but I've had—very poor luck," this last almost sobbing.

"Hum-m!" the constable said, rubbing a hand over his rough chin, "I don't know if you are telling the truth or not, but Jim



Autumn Cheer.

His store of nuts and acorns now
The squirrel hastens to gain,
And sets his home in order for
The winter's dreary reign.

'Tis time to light the evening fire,
To read good books,—to sing
The low and lovely songs that breathe
Of the eternal spring.

ALICE CARY.

Brennan, a block up the street, needs a boy to sweep out and tend his lunch counter. I'll soon see if you want work."

This, after weeks of storm, was the first ray of sunshine, and Johnnie forgot his hunger, forgot his fright when the constable took hold of him, but did remember to say, "Thank you, sir. I am so glad," and he hastened to investigate. He found Brennan's place, and saw, the first thing, a sign printed in large letters, "BOY WANTED."

Yes, Brennan needed a boy, but Johnnie's happiness lasted only a moment; for, when he started to go in through the open door, he found the place was a low, evil-smelling saloon. It was the kind of a place he had promised his mother never to enter; still, he hesitated, he was so hungry. Mother never could have foreseen that. If he didn't get work there, it was a sure thing that constable would put him in jail. Which should it be, a comfortable place to sleep, plenty to eat, or—er-r—how could he ever tell his mother "I was in jail, locked up with drunken men and perhaps thieves." People would believe him guilty; and yet wouldn't the saloon be just as bad? He would be carried to jail against his will—that was something. He would have no such excuse if he entered that door. What should he do? His mother perhaps would never know he had worked in a saloon, and he was hungry. Oh, so hungry! He started to go in, then stepped back. No. He would starve before he would work in such a place. On turning to go away, he saw the constable across the street, who called to him, "I knew you didn't want work. It isn't natural for tramps to work: they'd rather steal."

The boy felt his courage fast ebbing, and again stepped towards the open door, when he felt a gentle touch on his arm. He looked and saw a rosy-cheeked little girl some eight years of age. She returned his smile, then said: "Don't go in there. Please don't. My father says it is a bad, wicked place," and she started to pass on.

"Listen," the boy called, "would your papa think it wicked if he knew I hadn't eaten anything since yesterday, and was going in there to earn my supper and somewhere to sleep?"

"O-oh," she answered, "I'm hungry now, and have had my breakfast and lunch. My, you must be starving," then, thinking, "I've got money—a whole dime; and we'll go to the bakery and buy some dinner. Come!" and she led him away. They walked past the officer, who only shook his cane at the boy and scowled.

When they reached the bakery, the little girl stopped. "Say!" she exclaimed. "I know, you come with me and my mamma will give you a nice dinner. What is your name? Mine is Mary. Mary Wilkes, and my father, he keeps a big store not far from the bakery."

The store where he had been called a tramp! He told Mary his name, and to please her followed, hoping Mrs. Wilkes would not be as unkind as her husband.

"Mamma! Mamma!" cried the excited child, rushing in through the front door and pulling the unwilling boy after her. "Mamma, see, I've brought a poor hungry boy home to dinner."

Mrs. Wilkes glanced up from her sewing, and carefully looked John over. She noticed he was sunburned and brown; his face and hands were clean; his clothes, although worn, were free from mud and dirt. Then, turning to her daughter:

"Why, Mary, what made you do such a thing?" but, seeing how disappointed both looked, "Well, if the boy is hungry enough to eat cold bread and meat, why, he can have some."

Hungry enough! He had never eaten anything half as good as that cold lunch. As his hunger became satisfied, he told his story, bit by bit. When he spoke about the saloon, Mrs. Wilkes asked, "Why did you not inquire at a decent place instead of going to a horrid saloon? I know they are looking for the right kind of a boy at my husband's store."

"I did," he answered, and reluctantly told that incident also.

"O-oh!" said Mary. "It isn't a bit-like papa. I am sure it was that mean Mr. Jones."

"Hush, daughter," her mother reproved. "You don't know who it was."

"Well, I'll see," the girl answered and bounded to the 'phone. She rang up the store, asking for her father. "Say, papa," she said when he finally responded, "say! Did you call Johnnie Stevens a tramp when he asked for work, and tell him to clear out or you'd have him arrested? This afternoon! about one o'clock."

"There, mamma, I told you so," she shouted gleefully, ringing off. "He doesn't even know who Johnnie is. Didn't see him. Would have given him work if he had, and I am to go right down to the store with him now. So there!"

The surprised boy looked first at Mary, then at her mother, not knowing what to do; but Mrs. Wilkes nodded and said, "It will do no harm for you to go." When the door closed behind them, she called up the store and spoke a good word for the boy.

Mr. Jones was in his accustomed place just inside the door when Johnnie started to enter. "No, you don't, you little tramp," he shouted, taking him roughly by the collar. "Didn't I tell you to keep out of here? Now, I'll turn you over to the constable."

Mary, who had lagged behind speaking to a friend, came to his rescue. "Mr. Jones," she said in as severe a tone as a small girl could command, "my father wishes to see that boy. Will you please let him come in?"

Growling an angry reply which neither understood, he loosened his hold, and Johnnie was soon talking to the proprietor, who hired him, agreeing to pay \$10 a month and board, the boy to sleep in a little room back of the store and to eat at the house.

Johnnie was ready and willing, not afraid of work, and soon became a general favorite.

He had been employed a week when, one morning, Mr. Jones reported several little things missing. A pocket-knife of peculiar make, a hair brush and comb with silver mountings.

"It is that tramp of a boy. I'm sure it is," he said to Mr. Wilkes, after telling of the loss, but, receiving no reply, went away muttering to himself. Every day or two after that, something was gone, and the clerks, with one or two exceptions, began to show much less friendship for Johnnie. Some avoided him entirely.

One Saturday morning when the boy returned from an errand, Mr. Jones grabbed him by the shoulder, saying roughly, "Come with me, and you, Artie," to a clerk, "telephone for the constable."

He pushed Johnnie, who was wondering what it was all about, to Mr. Wilkes' private office, and said to that gentleman, "If

you will please go with me I will show you the stolen goods and point out the thief."

The store owner arose from his desk reluctantly, and followed them to Johnnie's little back room.

"There!" said Jones, raising a board in the floor under the cot where the boy slept, and pointing to all the missing property, "There!" he repeated, "I told you what the tramp would do." Then, as the constable came in, "Here, officer, arrest this boy and lock him up."

Johnnie, with a quick twist, pulled away, and took Mr. Wilkes by the arm. "Don't let that man take me with him," he cried. "Don't, don't! Indeed I did not take those things. I never stole anything in my life."

"Guess you'll have to come along," said the constable, stepping forward.

"Please, Mr. Wilkes! Please!" he begged. "I didn't, indeed I didn't!"

"Take him along," said Jones. "We have work to do, and can't fool around all day."

"You will take him to jail," Mr. Wilkes said sternly. Then, as the officer reached for the now thoroughly frightened boy, "No, not him—that man, Jones. We have watched him, and have found he was robbing the store at every opportunity, and, fearing detection, tried to lay the blame on the boy. My watcher saw him hide those things under the floor this morning when Johnnie was out." Then, to the boy, "Go to work, son, behind the counter. You will sell goods from now on at double the pay you have been getting, and if you will send for your mother, we can find work for her also."

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

When to Cry.

There are millions of children in the world who want to do just the right thing and the very best thing; but they do not always know what just the right thing is, and sometimes they cannot tell the very best thing from the very worst thing.

Now I have often thought that there are children who cry, now and then, at the wrong time; and I have asked many of the older people, but none of them could tell me the best time to cry.

But the other day I met a man older and wiser than any of the rest. He was very old and very wise, and he told me:—

"It is bad luck to cry on Monday.

"To cry on Tuesday makes the eyes red.

"Crying on Wednesday is bad for children's heads, and for the heads of older people.

"It is said that, if a child begins to cry on Thursday, he will find it hard to stop.

"It is not best for children to cry on Friday—it makes them unhappy.

"Never cry on Saturday—it is too busy a day.

"Tears shed on the Sabbath are salt and bitter.

"Children should on no account cry at night: the nights are for sleep.

"They may cry whenever else they please, but not at any of these times, unless it is for something serious."

I wrote down the rules just as the old man gave them to me. Of course they will be of no use to the older boys and girls *St. Nicholas*.

My Attic Store-room

BY MARTHA B. THOMAS.

MY little attic chamber
Is my store-room snug and tight,
Where I keep my pretty fancies
And the dreams I dream at night.

The dear old-fashioned dresser,
The quaintly papered wall,
The shaded glow of candle-light
Shed softly over all,

The dainty muslin curtains,
My bed so snowy white,
Where sunbeams frolic in the morn
And moonbeams dance at night,

I love to lie and think my thoughts
Up there all by myself,
Because I sort and ticket them
And lay them on the shelf.

My dreams I tie in bunches,
And label each with care,
For some go just with holidays
And some go anywhere.

The garden of my dreams is gay
With bright and shining flowers
And these I pluck to cheer the heart
In some dark, heavy hour.

Some day when sunny skies grow dull,
And friends seem very few,
I'll take you to my attic room
And let you dream there too.

The Five-hundred-dollar Kitten.

No, she wasn't an Angora nor a Persian nor a Manx. She was just a pretty kitten born right here in America. Her real name was Fuzzy-wuzzy; but, after something wonderful happened, the children were proud to speak of her as their "Five-hundred-dollar Kitten."

What did happen? You shall hear. The children were John and Florence and Mildred. Their father was Mr. Howard, and he was a banker. He was a good father and loved his children. So it happened that they often went to the bank at luncheon time to walk up with him, and more than once they took Fuzzy-wuzzy with them. Mr. Howard always stroked her fur and said nice things to her.

One day Fuzzy thought she would pay a visit to the bank by herself. Mr. Howard chanced to be very busy just then and didn't notice her, so Fuzzy decided to find a snug corner and take a nap. After a while Mr. Howard finished his business, pushed the door of his safe shut, and it was locked so no one but himself could open it.

At luncheon Mildred said: "Where can Fuzzy be? She doesn't come for her little bite." As a great favor, Mildred was allowed to give Fuzzy a choice morsel or two from her own hand, though Mrs. Howard didn't approve of feeding cats at the table.

John laughed. "Probably she's found a mouse and likes it better," he said.

It was just three hours after Mr. Howard swung his safe door shut before he turned the knob to open it. Well! A burglar would hardly have surprised him more, for out burst Fuzzy-wuzzy, with hair and tail bristling. She had chosen a back corner behind some papers for her nap. It was a wonder she



From painting by Seifert.

THE RETURN OF THE HARVESTERS.

wasn't dead; but the safe was a big one, and maybe there was a crack somewhere. Any way, she was much alive now, and had been, too. You should have seen the money torn to shreds in her efforts to get out. One-hundred-dollar bills, tens, twenties, this angry, struggling kitten had made into rags—just five hundred dollars destroyed.

But would Mr. Howard have to lose all this money? No, indeed. Our government provides redemption for such money. It can be sent to Washington, and clean, whole bills come back in its place.

You can imagine how interested the children were, and how happy over the kitten's escape. They had only one regret. Their father told them how a number of years ago all such mutilated bills sent back to Washington were made into pulp: then some one moulded that pulp into figurines, statuettes, or small articles, which were sold as souvenirs. On the bottom of each was a small label which told how many dollars went into its make-up.

"Did you ever see one, father?" John asked.

"I remember seeing a tiny pitcher made from this pulp: it was small enough to be worn for a charm on a watch-guard, and, if I am not mistaken, it was marked \$300 on the bottom. Of course the pulp had to be pressed very compactly."

"Do they do that any more?" Florence was very eager to find out. She was thinking about Fuzzy-wuzzy.

"No, dear," her father said. "Now, the pulp is sold every year to the highest bidder and is used in making paper."

"How I wish," Florence sighed, "we could have had a little figure of Fuzzy-wuzzy made from your bills, father, with \$500 marked on the pedestal."

"So do I!" "So do I!" the others joined in. And that was their one regret.

Mr. Howard smiled. "Well, I am quite content to get the money back." And he stooped to stroke Fuzzy just as kindly as if she hadn't come near making "ducks and drakes" of so much.

HELEN A. HAWLEY,
in *Sunday School Times*.

Sunday-school News.

"THE whole parish, children as well as grown people, at worship in the church service; the whole parish, grown people as well as children, at *study* in the Sunday school." This ideal of the Unitarian church in Norwell, Mass., is so well carried out that more than half of the Sunday-school members habitually attend church. Five-minute sermons to the children precede the regular sermon. The worship elements in the school are very brief, so that almost the entire hour is given up to study.

Our school in Buffalo offers a completely graded course in religious education. It furnishes manual work for the lower grades and practical social service work for all departments. Kindergarten classes meet both during the school hour at 9:45, and the church service at eleven.

The First Parish in Dorchester prints in full in its Calendar for September 20 the announcements for the Teacher Training lectures, to be given in Channing Hall, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Saturday forenoons from October 10 to December 19.

Fun.

"Frederick," said the Sabbath-school teacher, "how many years did Methuselah live?" Frederick looked nonplussed.

"But see," she admonished, "here is this list I asked you to memorize. Methuselah: 969."

"Oh," said Frederick deprecatingly, "is that what it means? I supposed that was his telephone number!"

Woman's Home Companion.

"George Washington," read the small boy from his history, "was born February 22, 1732, A. D." "What does 'A. D.' stand for?" inquired the teacher. The small boy pondered. "I don't exactly know," he hesitated. "After dark, I guess."

The Girl's World.

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From the Editor to You.

Without and Within. Have you ever seen a geode? It is a round stone, very rough on the outside. Within, when it is opened, there are beautiful crystals, and sometimes rare and precious gems.

Some people are like the queer geode. They are not attractive to look at; not well dressed, or pleasing in manner. They are in humble places, and few do them honor. Yet when one knows the heart of them, it is like a precious treasure-house of gems.

The Spaniards tell a story to teach their people not to judge by the outside, but to look within for true worth.

The wise Al Kamel, walking one day along the road, heard the sound of the bugles which told him that one of the royal family was about to pass. Soon the carriage came by, bearing one of the princes. Al Kamel bowed low and spoke: "Peace be with thee." The prancing steeds dashed by and bore the prince from sight.

Then, tramping along in the dusty road, came an old man, gray and feeble, and poorly clad. No bugles sounded to tell of his approach. No one seemed to notice him, until he came near Al Kamel. The wise man bowed to the ground before him. "Peace be with thee," he said.

Then a young man who stood near spoke angrily to the wise man. "Why do you salute in the same manner and with the same words a prince of the realm and a common toiler?"

Al Kamel picked up a pebble from the sand. It was very white and fair. "Look!" he said; "it seems very fine and beautiful. But when I test it"—he struck it a light blow and it broke, showing a heart of dust.

Then he drew from his pouch a geode, gray and ugly. Turning it, there was revealed at its heart a cluster of blazing gems, fit for a king's ransom.

"Learn," he said to the young man, "not to judge too quickly from the outward appearance. One who has neither rank nor station, beauty or finery to command him, may yet be in true worth above the proudest of the land."

Books for Children.

Behind the Big Glass Windows is a book for very little readers. Large type, one-line sentences, colored cover and frontispiece, and many pictures will make it attractive to the boys and girls from five to seven, for whom it is designed. Each story is about a toy one might see in a big shop window. We wish our young readers, through the pages of this book, a happy visit to Toyland.

Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls will be glad of the guide furnished them in the book



THE BEACON CLUB

MOTTO: Let your light shine.

MEMBERSHIP FEE: One good letter for this corner.

BADGE: Club Button, sent on receipt of letter.



Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

AN UNEXPECTED VISIT.

(Continued from last week.)

Just then the door was opened, and in walked the sweetest of mothers, Mrs. White.

"We have come in search of your husband, madam," said the British commander. "You are on English soil and are expected to give all you have to the British. In this case it is your husband."

"My husband fight against the American flag! No, indeed! Nevertheless, you may search the house, for he is not here," she said.

The search began, everything and place hunted in. When about an hour had passed, the commander said, "I guess he is not here after all," and gave the command, to the soldiers with him, to march on.

After the last soldier was out of sight the father crept out of his hiding place.

"John! John!" cried the excited woman. "Can it possibly be you?" And she flung her arms around his neck crying for joy. "Think of all God has done for us to-day!" she said.

"Now I know you are both anxious to hear why I am here," said Mr. White. "A note had to be carried to Canada and I offered to take it. Home being so near and a snowstorm coming on, I decided to stop in and see you. The British heard that I was here, so they came to hunt for me. I must return to the Army as soon as possible."

A week later, a note was received from Mr. White saying he was safely back at the American Army.

KATE HALL.
(Age 12.)

Indian Scout Talks, written for them by Charles A. Eastman. The author seeks to make boys and girls feel at home with nature. He explains methods of physical training. They are taught how to build wigwams, shelters, and canoes; how to make fires without matches, and to cook without pots or pans. There is much Indian woodlore about signals and trails. A charming chapter tells how to make friends with wild animals; while the dress, sports, names with their meanings, picture-writing, and gesture-language of Indian boys and girls are here set down for the benefit of the modern inheritors of the New World.

Behind the Big Glass Windows. By Louise Robinson. Illustrations in color and in black and white. 50 cents net. Little, Brown & Co.

Indian Scout Talks. By Charles A. Eastman. Cloth, illustrated. 80 cents net. Little, Brown & Co.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XI.

I am composed of 10 letters.

My 4, 2, 3, is a liquor.

My 8, 5, 6, 7, is an animal.

My 6, 9, 7, 8, is a girl's name.

My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a great title.

My 10, 9, 4, is used as a carpet.

My 7, 9, 6, 1, is the name of a cruel race.

My 6, 9, 7, is the track of a wheel.

My 7, 8, 2, 3, is not fat.

My whole was a great English ruler.

B. W.

SOME OLD AUNTIES.

My aunties accepted an invitation to dinner, and here they are:

- An old auntie who lived "foh de woh."
- One who lived before the flood.
- One who precedes both of these.
- One who dates earlier than any yet mentioned.
- The very beginning and pattern of all aunties.
- Very old-fashioned in style.
- One who came from the opposite side of the earth.
- One who cures one when ill.
- One who is a favorite with physicians and surgeons.
- One who, I'm sorry to say, is opposed to our religion.

E. O. S.

ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 14, 3, 4, is a plant.

My 9, 16, 31, 31, 27, 15, 1, are worn on the feet.

My 1, 4, 11, 12, 26, 21, 23, 12, is a girl's name.

My 8, 7, 27, 13, 28, 26, 29, is opposite of morning.

My 2, 4, 9, 5, is a tract of land kept for pleasure.

My 19, 22, 20, 21, is used to drive cattle.

My 2, 15, 20, 11, 33, 32, 25, 6, is a flower.

My 17, 16, 31, is to hold water.

My 14, 33, 12, 10, is a dog's name.

My 18, 24, 11, is a personal pronoun.

My 30, 10, 11, 13, is a song of praise.

My whole is found in the New Testament.

M. S.

HIDDEN BIRDS.

1. She wrenched her ankle badly.

2. He met her on the street and greeted her kindly.

3. The ribbon was sixteen and a half inches in length.

4. Kenneth rushed into the schoolroom, ten minutes late.

5. Grandfather, a venerable old man, told us stories of his youth.

6. His howls could be heard for a long distance.

7. Frederic ran eagerly forward to meet his mother.

8. Edith awkwardly danced the polka.

9. I enjoyed reading *Gulliver's Travels* very much.

10. Come, Philip, hoe Betsy's flower garden for her.

RUTH W. MORTON.

A RIDDLE.

Brought from the bowels of the earth,

And placed within a wooden box,

From which I never issue forth,

Though on my dwelling are no locks,

Unceasingly I'm called upon

To settle points which men contend,

Though sometimes I'm considered dull,

They take my statements in the end.

Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES FOR NO. 4.

ENIGMA VIII.—First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

ENIGMA IX.—Speak, for thy servant heareth.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD'S RIDDLE.—Part I. 1. Trunk. 2. Eyelids. 3. Knee caps. 4. Ear drums.

5. Feet. 6. Nails. 7. Soles. 8. Mussels (Muscles).

9. Palms. 10. Two lips (Tulips). 11. Tongue. 12. Calves. 13. Hairs (Hares). 14. Hart (Heart). 15. Lashes.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Lafayette.